



Who's the Owl?



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Chapter 1 by The Book of Stories

"Face it, Wisteria. You're a witch." A bratty girl said to me, yanking on my long orange pigtails.

"No, I'm not! Just because I own an owl and my mom reads witchcraft novels doesn't mean I'm a witch!" I say through clenched teeth, trying to keep a good reputation, although it's not like I have one, anyways.

"See? More proof!" The idiot bellowed.

Ugh. I briskly put my hood over my head and walked away.

It was perfect timing too, since all out of a perfect sunny morning forecast came rain.

I smirked at the girl squealing and lifted my arm, which was now accompanied by an owl.

I walked back up to the girl, and she stared at me, terrified.

"Can witchcraft do that? I am much more than this...I am your worst nightmare, and there's nowhere to hide." I whispered in her ear.

The girl quickly sped inside, screaming. See more of Story Wars

I let out a chuckle.

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Chapter 2 by madelyn a



Hearing the small splashing of my feet in the puddles made my mind race and my heart pound. I hated water; always have, always will. I don't even know why. My mom insists I'm like her, but I highly doubt it. I would've seen a sign of my powers by now.

This was a daily routine for me; get mocked by that stuck-up brat, insist I'm not a witch, and deal with having no friends in that school.

Or anywhere, really. Except Muudah, of course.

When I arrived home after a stressful walk through the rain, I set my bookbag down on the front table and headed upstairs.

I plop down onto my plush bed, the books falling off the unstable pile on the headboard.

"Ugh" I moan, rolling over and picking one up.

On the cover, it had a picture of the four elements in the form of dragons, and the title read: Dominari in Timore. It's spine was made of a ripped leather, and the pages were rough on the edges. I've never gotten around to reading this one before...

I heard something get knocked over in the corner of my room, and I freaked. The water in the glass behind my bed flew out of the cup and exploded everywhere like a bomb. Soaking wet, I cautiously looked down at the book. 'Dominari in Timore...?'

"We found one..."

"How will we train her?"

"Who knows. But either way, she's powerful. We've never had a double elemental before, so we need to take this slowly."

"At the lake?"

"Indeed. She needs to conquer one fear at a time in order to fully control her powers."

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